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CONTENTS.

| | | | |
|-----------------------------|------|----------------------------|------|
| NOTES OF THE WEEK ... | 1193 | Ireland's Contribution ... | 1202 |
| LEADING ARTICLES:— | | Book Hunting ... | 1203 |
| Conservative Principles ... | 1195 | Open Windows and | |
| The Future of the | | Muffled Throats ... | 1203 |
| Wall ... | 1196 | REVIEWS:— | |
| At their Country Home | | Swinburne as Letter- | |
| in Buckinghamshire ... | 1197 | Writer ... | 1204 |
| Pinchbeck ... | 1198 | Napoleon's Tactics ... | 1204 |
| Art and the War ... | 1200 | Chinese Politics ... | 1205 |
| Sans Souci ... | 1200 | The Road to Rome ... | 1206 |
| CORRESPONDENCE:— | | Romance ... | 1206 |
| The Aftermath of the | | Crusoe à Trois ... | 1206 |
| Election ... | 1201 | Our Library Table ... | 1208 |
| The Future of Con- | | FINANCE:— | |
| servationism ... | 1202 | The City ... | 1211 |

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, London, Wales, and Belfast have done bravely, by returning Coalitionists with substantial majorities. One Tory has been returned, who is "not bound to swear to the words of any master," Lord Hugh Cecil, a lonely and pathetic figure, champion of lost causes and impossible beliefs. For does he not believe in purity, and principle, and the Church, and the King, and the House of Lords, and other undemocratic absurdities? We are curious to know what Mr. Bonar Law meant by saying that he was going to lead the House of Commons, but resign the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Are we to understand that Mr. Lloyd George is about to become a marquis? Or is he to remain nominally a member of the Lower House, which he will only visit on the great theatrical occasions? The position of the Tories in the Coalition reminds us of the "old Jebusites" in Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*:

"Thus worn or weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they must to David's government:
Impoverish'd and deprived of all command,
Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;
And, what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their rods disgraced, and burnt like common wood."

President Wilson has condescended to receive Lord Northcliffe in Paris. We admit the condescension was great, but we did not expect it to have quite so intoxicating an effect upon our Press Lord. Four columns of trebly-leaded type—we have never seen such big type in a newspaper—in *The Times* are devoted to telling us four things: (1) That President Wilson is a man of athletic figure; (2) that he has come to Paris to confer with the Allies about peace terms; (3) that he admires the British Navy; (4) that he intended to visit England. We seem to have been aware of these things before: it was, as the saying is, "no news" to us. But in the fifth and sixth columns we are ushered into a new and exalted world, the Hotel Murat in the Avenue Monceau.

Here we really think that Lord Northcliffe must have passed his pen on to a young man from Selfridge's or Maple's. "In the working room which President Wilson is to use from to-day on the gracious lines of David's 'Amour and Psyche' appear rather unexpectedly above the wings of a bronze eagle which surmounts the ornate Empire desk. The combination strikes the eye at first as incongruous, but the symbolism is unmistakable. The tradition of the Old World is here in all its historical severity, in all its restrained voluptuousness; and into this atmosphere of a past formed by the successive efforts of ancient peoples is introduced the new element, the vital, straining element of the eagle with widening wings." Could G. A. Sala, in his palmiest days, beat that? But the young man from Selfridge's must be more careful in his history. The First Empire was not "the tradition of the Old World," but destroyed it, nor was it "severe," or "restrained in its voluptuousness." After this torrent of tawdry and vulgar nonsense, we are relieved to be told simply, "His bedroom is strictly First Empire."

We must be very stupid, because after reading all this beautiful symbolism, we remained in doubt whether President Wilson is expected to work on the gracious lines of David's 'Amour and Psyche,' or whether he is expected to soar on the widening wings of the vital, straining eagle. Personally we prefer "Love and the Soul" to the straining eagle: but President Wilson thinks otherwise; for, leaving Lord Northcliffe with "his eye in a fine frenzy rolling" round the Parc Monceau, he has flown over to London, where he alighted on Boxing Day, a most awkward date for everybody. Not only the Royal families at Buckingham Palace, and Marlborough and Clarence Houses, but the Prime Minister and all the Cabinet Ministers with their hosts of attendant satellites, have been forced to spend Christmas week in London. Considering how extremely uncomfortable railway travelling is at present, it is perhaps, no great hardship to be forced to remain where you are.

It is difficult for Englishmen, who have lived from time immemorial under a more or less constitutional monarch, to understand the position of Mr. Wilson, who is both the leader of a party and the supreme Head or Sovereign of a State. A comparison with the French Republic does but increase the confusion, for there are President Poincaré, who faintly resembles a king inasmuch as he has no executive responsibility, and Prime Minister Clemenceau, who is like Mr. Lloyd George. President Wilson is, during his four years of office, King George and Mr. Lloyd George rolled into one, except that he is not, like Mr. Lloyd George, responsible to or dependent on a majority in either House of Congress—indeed he has a small party majority against him in both Houses. All treaties of peace entered into by the President on behalf of the United States must be ratified by the Senate.

Certainly it would be awkward if the Senate, with its Republican majority, which will come into power next March, were to refuse to ratify a peace approved by the Democratic President. But it is unthinkable that party spirit should proceed to such lengths;

national pride would prevent it, *pace* Senator Lodge. Apart from this, President Wilson will be in constant cable and telephonic communication with Washington, and he is not likely to propose or agree to anything which the Republicans do not approve. Some there are, not very friendly to Mr. Wilson on political and other grounds, who predict that when he comes to lay his mind to those of the statesmen of Europe he will destroy his reputation. We do not think so, and we have read some of his writings and political speeches. Beneath the abstract phrases of the transcendentalist there is a steady glow of commonsense and clear-headedness, the inherited grit of the North country Nonconformist.

That President Wilson has a gift of literary condensation, his worst enemy cannot deny. His terseness and point might excite the envy of some of our politicians, in whom the platform and parliament breed a most detestable diffuseness. In speaking of the League of Nations at the Sorbonne, Mr. Wilson said, "just a little exposure will settle most things. If the Central Powers had dared to discuss the purposes of this war for a single fortnight, it never would have happened, and if, as should be, they were forced to discuss it for a year, war would have been inconceivable." That is the case for the League of Nations in a nutshell: "the organised moral force of men throughout the world" which will for ever prevent the tiger-spring, so nearly successful in 1914.

We print in our correspondence columns a letter from Sir John Rolleston, in which, whilst alluding to the sources whence indemnities might be obtained, he mentions Turkey. No one else, that we know of, has thought of Turkey, whose entrance into the war against Britain, her traditional ally, who waged one war and stopped another to protect the Sultan's empire, calls for the most condign punishment in the form of indemnity. Asiatic Turkey is one of the fairest and richest portions of the globe's surface, and it lies in the hands of the Alliance. France and Italy, we know, have already put in claims to some of the choicest slices, in the shape of harbours and wheat and cotton and sugarlands. Let Constantinople and the Straits be internationalised by all means: but let the British representatives at Versailles see to it that Britain gets just as much as we want in Arabia and Mesopotamia. This much is necessary for the safeguarding of Egypt and India.

The Admiralty will survive the translation to another sphere of Sir Eric Geddes, who is only a plausibility with a press-made reputation. But the loss of Admiral Hall, the Director of the Intelligence Department, is much more serious, for men of brains are harder to come by than ever. We are glad to learn that Admiral Hall contemplates entering Parliament, for it has been the misfortune of the Navy to be represented in the House of Commons by buffoons or windbags. There has nearly always been "an admiral," regarded with kindly, rather than respectful feelings, by the press gallery and his brother members. Yet surely there is no profession more worthy of serious and independent representation in the legislature than the Navy. We may even live to see a professional First Lord.

Mr. Churchill's account of the unwinding of that stupendous war machine, the Munitions Ministry, is masterly. A headquarter's staff of 20,000, an inspection staff of 70,000, and stores valued at 1,000 millions sterling, want a bit of winding up. If the nation is indebted to Sir James Stevenson, it is also under a heavy obligation to Sir Stephenson Kent, the Director-General of the Munitions Labour Supply, who has neglected a large and lucrative business of his own to live laborious days and nights in the service of his country. The disposal of these vast stores and the liquidation of contracts without undue dislocation of

trade and industry, are the task before these gentlemen. We are glad to learn from Mr. Churchill, that the work is proceeding expeditiously. Hotels are being vacated; priority orders abolished; materials released; and by the end of this week 230,000 persons will have ceased to produce munitions.

The celebrated Red Cross pearls were sold at Christie's and fetched under £85,000. Never was there a greater fiasco. The conscientious objectors to lotteries in the last House of Commons may salve their consciences with the knowledge that they have deprived the sick and wounded of perhaps a cool million. Everybody knows that there are at this moment many more women with pounds than pearls; and we believe that a million £1 tickets might easily have been sold with the chance of getting a £25,000 necklace. As it was, the pearls were bought cheap by "the trade," and will be resold at large profits to the womenkind of profiteers. Such is the sordid, un sentimental result of cant and humbug in the House of Commons.

After having beaten German militarism and Austrian feudalism, the Allies have at last awakened to the fact that they are confronted by another enemy, namely, Anarchy or Bolshevism. The question of restoring order and security of property in Europe is one which concerns the civilisation of the world, and more particularly the pockets of the French and British Governments. If England has lent Russia over 500 millions, France has lent over 1,000 millions, for before the war the Russian Government floated loan after loan in Paris. The Americans, too, have invested considerable sums in Russia both before and during the war. Russia is a very rich country, both in minerals and agriculture, and it was hoped that, having dispossessed the Germans, there would be a splendid field for British and American enterprise.

The first thing to do is to put down the Bolsheviks, and establish a respectable Russian Government. The annoying reflection is that the present situation is entirely due to the absence of any Russian policy on the part of the British and French Governments. The best policy would have been to keep the Tsar on the throne, and to force him to employ honest and competent Ministers. Anyone who reads Miss Buchanan's book will learn how loyal the Tsar was to the alliance, and how loyal the people were to the Tsar. All the soldiers wanted was arms and food: we could and ought to have supplied them. We ought to have insisted on the dismissal of Sturmer and Protopotoff. However, there was Mr. Lloyd George and his tomfoolery about the Revolution and Kerenski. Having allowed the Tsar to be deposed by the Revolution, our next best policy was to support the moderate revolutionaries, Miliukoff and even Kerenski, in setting up a decent government. We did nothing at all, except make silly speeches about democracy, and it now looks as if we should have to begin a new war this spring against Russian anarchists.

Will the nation stand the opening of another war this spring? It is not so much a question of men as of money. There are plenty of men who enlisted for the duration of war against Germany, but who are eager to remain in the army if there is to be any more fighting. The question is whether the financial resources of the nation can stand the strain of any fresh or prolonged military expenditure. By the unjust and unwise policy (for all injustice is unwisdom) of throwing four-fifths of the cost of the war upon the small class of income tax payer, not more than a million and a half of individuals, the accumulated capital of the country has been heavily depleted, and the income tax ranges from 6s. to 10s. in the £, besides the excess profits tax, which is another form of

income tax. The excess profits tax must be discontinued, for not only was a pledge to that effect given by Mr. McKenna, but it is absolutely paralysing business. Is the income tax to be raised?

It would not be necessary, in all probability, to send a very large army into Russia. What is wanted is a small disciplined expedition to co-operate with the forces of law and order in Russia. There must be plenty of generals and members of the leading families in Russia who only need a little assistance to enable them to take Lenin and Trotsky by the throat and hang them on the nearest lamp-post. It is incredible what a small number of disciplined and properly armed troops can defeat millions of undisciplined, ill-armed, and ill-fed men. "A whiff of grape-shot" is probably all that is necessary to disperse the rascality of Petrograd and Moscow. Unfortunately, it is not only Russia, but all Europe that is without government. Germany, Austria, and Turkey are all in a state of dissolution.

Lord Pirrie, shrewdest of shipowners and hardest of Ulstermen, said to Mr. Marshall that, "if she had not forced the war upon humanity Germany would in a few years have had control of the shipping industry of the world." So far from being jealous of America's new mercantile marine, Lord Pirrie is eager that the United States should step into the place vacated by Germany, and tells us that a quarter of a century ago he and Mr. Pierpont Morgan conceived the idea of a shipping partnership between their two countries. The blunder of Germany, the greatest and most irreparable in the world's story, was due to the entrusting of the government of an Empire to the Head Quarters Staff of a huge and disciplined army. There is only one instance in history of a country being well governed by an Army and its officers, the Commonwealth of England. But then Cromwell's officers believed in the Bible.

The subordinate ex-official of the Government, who is known in Bolshevik circles as "Chotser Money," has been liberating his soul in a spiteful letter against capitalists, which proves, if it proves anything but the writer's rage, that Sir Leo either neglected his duty, or was incompetent to perform it. "I was engaged on the blockade work from the first week of the war," Sir Leo Money informs us, and then proceeds: "As to the blockade, it has unfortunately to be put on record that, even while the submarine was threatening our vitals, private interests were directly and indirectly trading with the enemy, and sending out of this country to neutrals stores of valuable foods and materials, from tea to oleaginous produce, thus at one and the same time robbing our people of invaluable stocks whilst feeding and maintaining the enemy."

It will be observed that sending stocks to neutrals is described by Sir Leo Chiozza Money as "feeding and maintaining the enemy." This is a direct charge, not only against the private interests, but against the Government of which Sir Leo was a member, and of which, in consequence, he must have been either the dupe or the accomplice. Did Sir Leo know that the stocks sent to neutrals went to feed and maintain the enemy? If so, why did he not expose and denounce the transaction? If he did not know it, we must assume that he did not do what he now invites us all to do, namely, scrutinise the figures of the Board of Trade returns. Sir Leo Money promises, when he has time and is "less busy," to publish some of the facts relating to "tea, coffee, tobacco and other things, which were literally poured out of this country when they ought to have been stored up here." It would be equally interesting if Sir Leo would at the same time publish the reasons why he has kept these facts to himself until after he has left the Government.

CONSERVATIVE PRINCIPLES.

AT a time when the system of political parties is denounced and the old dividing lines are confused, we welcome a modest attempt by two of the younger members of the Conservative party to present us with "a coherent statement of first principles by which the professions of parties may be tried."* The writers of this pamphlet are Sir George Lloyd, member of one of the divisions of Staffordshire in the last Parliament and just appointed Governor of Bombay, and Major Wood, the member for the Ripon division in the last and present Parliaments, and the son of Lord Halifax. It will be seen that they do not belong to the new political brigade of commercial hustlers, but to the old class from which young Tories were wont to be drawn. They are right in thinking the present a great opportunity for the statement of principles, for every one must have been struck by the mental and moral difference between the soldiers who have been fighting and the citizens who have been squabbling. The writers wish to "secure achievement by enlisting in the services of peace the ideals and self-sacrifice of war"—a bold and difficult desire. The war restored to its rightful place the forgotten doctrine of national unity and security. What Major Wood and Sir George Lloyd aim at doing is to prevent that doctrine of unity and security from ever again being forgotten or displaced.

Naturally, the authors appreciate the legacy of the past, its love of individual liberty, and its tradition of public service. They are more than justified in their condemnation of the party tactics that immediately preceded the war, when political discussion had been largely superseded by violent abuse of certain sections of society. "An appeal was made to men and women perpetually faced with the struggle for existence. It was designed to enlist their hatred and envy for political purposes by fostering the belief that their poverty could be prevented by the simple expedient of taking somebody's money." We wish that we could believe that these appeals to class hatred and cupidity would disappear from party warfare. They have been absent, it is true, from the present election, in which hatred of the Germans has replaced attacks upon landlords, and in which the Tories have been led by the statesman who formerly made those attacks. But when it comes to the distribution of the burthens entailed by the war, in homelier language, when it comes to footing the bill, nothing but a strong sense of the doctrine of national unity, which this book is intended to preserve, can save us from another outbreak of class warfare, and demagogic politics. This brings us to what is the most pronounced policy of our authors, the protection of agriculture. A great deal is made, and rightly made, of the fact that in the last forty years four million acres of arable land have been converted, or "let down," to pasture. In 1860 the country produced nearly double the quantity of wheat that it imported from abroad; by 1914 the proportion of home-grown wheat was nearly down to one-fifth of the total consumed. The free importation of wheat, first from Europe, and then from the United States and Canada, certainly gave the people cheap bread. But it drove some of the rural population into the towns, and kept the agricultural labourers in a condition of poverty. The war, particularly the use of submarines, brought home to us the danger of too much dependence on food supplies from over seas. But it is not likely, indeed hardly possible, that the conditions of this war can ever be repeated, or the danger recur. We do not think much of the danger argument; nor is it, we gather, the main reason for the strong agricultural policy pressed by Sir George Lloyd and Major Wood. They want to restore the pleasant, healthy life of the country-side. They wish to see a well-paid, well-housed, and well-educated rural population, working under prosperous farmers, and

* The Great Opportunity. By Sir George Lloyd and Major the Hon. Edward Wood, M.P. John Murray. 2s. net.

on friendly terms with the parson and the squire. The picture is attractive: we wish our authors well in their attempt to realise it, and we admire them the more, because some of the cost will obviously be borne by the landowners. But it is well that they, and their readers, should know what that cost is. If the agricultural labourer is to receive his substantial minimum wage of 30s. a week, if the farmers are to turn to wheat growing and intensive culture with profit, it can only be done by State assistance in one of two forms, a stiff tariff on imported food-stuffs, or a subsidy in the shape of a bonus, or a guaranteed price. We are a little surprised to read that the guaranteed price of wheat has cost the nation nothing. We were under the impression that the sale of the loaf at war-prices had cost a great many millions per annum.

With regard to the House of Lords, the vice of the Parliament Act is justly described as the derangement of "the essential historical balance of the three estates." To restore in some measure this balance, it is recommended that no fundamental change should become law without a reference to the electorate. This is the Lansdowne amendment of 1911, which we have again and again urged the House of Lords to adopt, when they have been asked to amend the Parliament Act for the purpose of extending the life of the late Parliament. The Lords, however, have lacked the courage, and it is difficult to defend those who will not defend themselves. As for a popularly elected Second Chamber, we have no belief that it will be as good as the House of Lords, and we rejoice to observe that while a perfunctory reference to the reform of the House of Lords occurs in the speeches and addresses of all the party leaders, no steps are taken to give it legislative effect. The House of Lords, like the established Church, is one of those institutions which are denounced by certain politicians, but which nobody really wishes to destroy. The allusion to the Federal system in these pages is brief and vague, and amounts to little more than an approval of the delegation by the Imperial Parliament of local affairs to local bodies. That is a pious opinion to which all must subscribe.

We are very glad to note that a prominent and emphatic place is given to the present position and prospects of the Civil Service. It is indeed a vital subject. The British Civil Service, it may be said without fatuity, is the best in the world, the best educated, the most industrious, untainted with the corruption of politics, in its grosser or more refined forms. The higher Civil Servants are the real governors of the country, as might be seen by depriving a Cabinet Minister of his permanent officials for forty-eight hours. Yet these men, who are the pick of the universities and the public schools, are remunerated on a scale which under present taxes and cost of living is dangerously low. We use the words advisedly, because unless the remuneration is raised to a level approximating success in other professions, a very serious thing will happen. The best men will leave the Civil Service, tempted by the much higher rewards offered by business; the young men from the Universities will no longer present themselves to the Civil Service Commissioners for examination. Their places will be, must be, filled by an inferior class of men, and the British Civil Service will fall from its high estate, and become, like the Civil Service in so many other countries, corrupt and inefficient. A greater national calamity it is impossible to imagine.

There is one subject which is, perhaps unavoidably, handled rather sketchily in this volume, the relations between capital and labour. We say unavoidably, because neither Sir George Lloyd nor Major Wood can have any extensive information at first hand on this complicated and absorbing topic. They express the opinion that the Trade Unions, now that they are masters of the situation, should themselves modify the Trades Disputes Act so as to bring their organisation within the reach of the law—a counsel of perfection, indeed. They dwell on the necessity of developing "large-scale or bulk production," so as to reduce cost; assert the fiscal independence of the different

nations that may compose a League of Nations; and deprecate the unwisdom of attacking by unjust taxation the accumulated capital of the country.

This interesting treatise was written before the end of the war; but its main positions are unaffected by the cessation of fighting. It does not formulate a programme, or construct what modern politicians call "a platform," or analyse in detail the questions of the hour. But it does ask those who are called to the noble and perilous task of making laws for humanity to think out some coherent principles of policy, and to try and enlist in the service of the civil State the same spirit of self-sacrifice that has won the war. The immediate outlook is indeed such as to appal the stoutest heart. No one can avoid a feeling of dismay at the weakness of the bonds which still hold civilisation together, and at the feebleness of human resistance to the power of covetousness, when it sees a chance of realising its designs.

THE FUTURE OF THE WALL.

THE main criticisms of State control of labour, and therefore of "The Wall," have been that there has been no uniform policy, or, if there has been a policy, it has been one of opportunism and weakness. The wall in this point of view has not so much been a solid structure of defence, but a sort of stage wall, which has been unclimbable because it wasn't there. For this reason it is urged from many quarters that at the earliest possible moment the sham structure shall be abolished, and in its place shall be substituted the relations between employers and employed which subsisted before the war.

These criticisms, to a large extent, are the fruit of oblivion. They could only be uttered by people who forget the labour conditions which obtained before the war, when free relations between employer and employed existed. Nobody, we imagine, is anxious during a period of transition to return to the state of affairs which produced, in turn, the great railway and coal strike. It is simply not true that Government interference with labour has led to industrial trouble during the war. The fact rather is that the Government has been the body which labour has treated as its opponent from the bargaining point of view, during the war, instead of the employer. Simply to revert to the pre-war position would not be to rid the air of labour unrest, but would rather lead to an increase in the bitterness of the conflict between capital and labour. Unless some use is made of war experience in the handling of labour, and some profound modification of the pre-war system introduced, we cannot hope, during the transition period, or, indeed, for a long time thereafter, to resume our world-wide commercial pre-eminence.

It is argued by employers that no use can be made of the wall, because it has been constructed in such a way as to collapse upon any employer who puts a hand upon it, or rather, has been built so as to tumble over at the blowing of labour's trumpets, and that these trumpets will not merely wake, but break the wall. On this it is sufficient to reply that the British, and among the British must be included the workman, are a nation of free men and that, as a nation of free men, they have, with their Allies, won the war. It is exactly because the Government have understood the temperament of their people and have not attempted to drag them that they have succeeded in leading them, as they did during the war. The British temperament is suited to the mixture of compulsion and voluntarism which was the leading feature of war handling of labour. The critics who asked one moment for strike leaders to be shot and at the next for impossible concessions to be made, completely misunderstood the national temperament. Labour meant to win the war throughout, but it did not mean to win it at the price of emerging as a part of a military State. The recognition of this fact was a dominant feature in Government policy.

We suggest, then, that the post-war position has not been prejudiced by what has happened during the war. What has been done is to give labour a more considerable voice in the management of its affairs than it previously possessed. This has been the real foundation of the war, and on this foundation alone can be reared the structure of the new industry. The first step of transition from State control to freedom in industrial matters was the creation of the Whitley Councils. The main truths underlying the creation of the Councils are, first, that capital and labour must work together, if the industrial future of the country is to be safe, and, secondly, that in working together labour must be given a fair share of responsibility. It is perfectly true that before the war certain trades had recognised this fact and were acting upon it. It is equally true that in a large number of trades the opposite was the case. Throughout the country it has been assumed that labour had a right to responsibility in industrial management, and by accustoming employers and labour to this fact the way was prepared unconsciously for the Whitley Councils. It is unnecessary to set out in detail what the objects and constitution of these Councils are. Broadly, they are intended as a Parliament for each trade, which will settle the affairs of the trade without cessation of work, either by lock-out or strike. They will, it is hoped, take a broad view of the trades they represent, including the questions of wages, conditions of labour, hours of work and factory welfare. If they cover, as, it is hoped, they will, a large proportion of the organised industry of the country, and if, being established, they are successful, an entirely satisfactory substitute for State control will have been discovered.

It must, however, be remembered that these Councils are in process of being set up and are not yet in many cases ready for the work for which they are desired. Until they begin to function, it is difficult to see how the State can entirely step out of the way and leave the wall to the assaults of the Picts and Scots. The difficulties as to wages during the transition period, and as to the settlement of pledges in respect of diluted labour have been indicated. The Government have already found it necessary to pass a Wage Act covering practically the six months from the armistice. The Government are also facing the question of what is to be done with regard to the dilutees. In respect to this the State cannot well divest itself of its responsibility, nor is there any reason to believe that it wishes to do so. It must be remembered that it was the State which succeeded in obtaining the withdrawal of the Trade Union restrictions, and it is therefore to the State that industry owes the possibility of the enormous increase of production which dilution made practicable. If in the absence of Whitley Councils, without attempting to settle either the wages or the question of pledges, the Government simply withdraws from the arena, as did the Roman Armies, it is obvious that violent confusion will arise at a moment when smooth working is vital.

It is not suggested that this control should be maintained one moment longer than the situation demands. It is, however, suggested that the moment when it can be completely abandoned has not yet arrived, and will perhaps not arrive for some few months to come. There are still left unsolved the questions arising out of the cost of living, the fixing of prices and the supply of raw material. Super-imposed on these questions are the immediate problems of the demobilisation of both civilian munition workers and of the Forces. In both these cases the Government has the supreme responsibility. The civilian workers have been employed upon munitions production at the express request of the State, and it is unnecessary to elaborate the obligation of the State to the sailors and soldiers. Quite apart from obligation, however, the Government alone are in a position to deal with demobilisation of both classes. So far as the first class is concerned, now that contracts are coming to an end, it is for the Government to decide how they are to end and how soon State orders can be succeeded by private ones. In respect of the sailors and soldiers the Government

alone know when they can be demobilised and how. Moreover, it is the Government alone who can decide, having regard to all the factors of the situation—markets, prices, cost of living, and labour conditions—the relations that must obtain between the demobilisation of the civil workers and of the Forces and the means by which both can be resettled without inflicting hardship on either.

The wall must therefore remain for a short period, but the Government have not forgotten the need for providing a substitute. The Whitley Councils, it has been said, are in process of being set up. In addition, for the immediate purposes of demobilisation and resettlement there have been established by the Minister of Labour throughout the country Local Advisory Committees advising the Employment Exchanges. These Committees consist of equal numbers of employers and employed with a neutral chairman. We shall deal with their functions and capabilities and also with the functions of the Divisional Councils, which are being set up to clap them together. Their importance, like the importance of the Whitley Councils, is that they are a large attempt to return to industry the management of its own concerns. The special interest in their creation is that they have a link with the governing machine. Their operation in conjunction with the State machine may well indicate a line of industrial development which is Socialism, if by that term is implied the management of their concerns by industry with the intelligent co-operation of the State.

AT THEIR COUNTRY HOME IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

WALKING down Shaftesbury Avenue the other day our attention was caught by some photographs outside a theatre, exhibiting views of a country cottage in Buckinghamshire. Wondering by what right or agreement an estate agent had been enabled to open his office in the fairway of a playhouse, we paused a moment and looked more closely at the photographs. The cottage turned out to be one with which we had formed acquaintance in circumstances with which we need not trouble our readers; but the enterprising estate agent of our hypothesis had nothing to do with the case. These same photographs were intended to exhibit not the cottage, but the personal and domestic habits of its present tenants. The series was entitled: "Miss Doris Keane and Mr. Lewis Sydney at their country home in Buckinghamshire." Miss Keane and Mr. Sydney are exhibited in various attitudes, some of them affectionate and others merely comfortable. Mr. Sydney is displayed in flannels. Miss Keane is disclosed in a garden, exquisitely pretending to be a gardener. We gather that Miss Keane and Mr. Sydney like the large open fireplace in their dining-room, and that they take their meals together.

All Suburbia was recently thrilled by the green-room idyll which first brought Mr. Sydney into romance (vice Mr. Owen Nares) and subsequently deposited him as the husband of Miss Doris Keane at the Mill House, Cholesbury. In the old days the loves and marriages of the Court Circular supplied such romantic excitement as was necessary to relieve the monotony of conversation in Battersea. The public likes to discover domesticity, tempered with romance, in persons of public importance. The Court Circular, however, is soon exhausted, and the public cannot live solely upon the turtle soup of the social menu. The pictorial Press recently discovered that the private lives of actors and actresses served excellently to fill the interstices. Are not actors and actresses among the most important persons of the modern community? Miss Gladys Cooper is thirty times as important as the Master of Balliol, twenty times as important as the Governor of the Bank of England, and ten times as important as Mr. Thomas Hardy. All these other distinguished people might walk unrecognised from Liverpool Street to Victoria. Miss Cooper could not walk unrecognised from the Playhouse to Charing Cross. There are possibly one or two people in the world of greater note

than Mr. Bransby Williams. The ex-Kaiser, President Wilson, and Mr. Lloyd George have perhaps attracted more widespread attention in their time, but no one but a politician can compete upon equal terms with a player for recognition by the public, and the politician would be wise to avoid the challenge to publicity. Besides, this is not altogether a question of mere importance. Actors and actresses are particularly well fitted to offer a picture in little of the public's private affairs, not only because they are highly eminent members of the commonwealth, but because they have a natural talent and liking for appearing publicly. They are never tired of being photographed; they are willing to be married with the utmost advertisement; to rear their families full in the eyes of the nation; to make the world privy to their taste in clothes, furniture, and domestic animals; to keep the public posted in their loves, friendships, rivalries and ambitions. And what an infinite variety is here displayed of manners and morals, from the thoroughly nice people who can be pictured or interviewed in decorous houses with small sons or daughters in the background, to the enterprising fellow who stole Miss Déshabille from Lord Eagerly-in-Waiting, and insists that the world shall see almost as much of her as he (apparently on the principle that to see all is to forgive all)! We have often been amazed at the erudition displayed by respectable people in the loves and tastes of our more prominent players. The public is apparently able to keep clearly in mind all their devious relationships, to recollect who married for love, and who was divorced six months afterwards; who left the stage to please her husband, and returned to it to please herself; who is fond of children, and who has the Pekingese dog who always comes to the theatre on first nights; who designs her own hats, and who will never wear green because it is her unlucky colour. Half the concentration and retentive power required for all this amazing knowledge would suffice to memorise the full list of the Popes of Rome (which baffled even Macaulay) or to explain how exactly Henry VII came to inherit the English crown from William the Conqueror.

There is, of course, no tremendous objection to our public enjoying these pleasures. People must have somebody for their hero-worship, and seeing that the politicians have agreed to be their humble servants, and that their social betters are at present objects of plunder rather than objects of regard, we must presumably be thankful that actors and actresses have consented to fill the breach. There is, however, one small objection to the part assumed by our players in this business. It has virtually ruined the English drama. We can hope for no recovery of the English Theatre until players pay more attention to their art and less attention to the publication of their lives. Those photographs outside the theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue are the worst case in point we have yet encountered. The public interest in the married life of Miss Keane and Mr. Sydney has apparently entirely eclipsed the interest which once belonged to Mr. Sydney's promising career as a young actor of Ibsen and Congreve. It even seems to have eclipsed the interest shown by a wider public in Miss Keane's popular presentation of the heroine in 'Romance.' Miss Keane and Mr. Sydney are now appearing in a play entirely without merit or theatrical interest of any kind, a play in which neither of them is seen to acting advantage. The play has run for a hundred nights because Miss Keane and Mr. Sydney are presented in the part of husband and wife, and because the public is delighted to read into their performance a significance which really belongs to their private relationship. The play 'Roxana' is exactly on the same footing as the photographs of the Mill House, Cholesbury. Act I. shows us Miss Keane and Mr. Sydney as man and wife, crudely coquetting with the idea of being in love with one another. Act II. shows us the same thing. Act III. repeats the pleasures of Acts I. and II. These dramatic tableaux are presented with an obvious assumption that the public likes to see Miss Keane and Mr. Sydney in love with

one another. The marital relation is never mentioned in the play without a *sous-entente* to the audience that this is not merely play acting, but an authentic leaf from the Stage Pictorial. And the audience obviously loves it. Louis XIV dined in public for the gratification of his subjects. Miss Keane and Mr. Sydney exchange understandings in public, and the public responds by embowering them in floral tributes, and breaking into an epithalamium of applause.

It is hard to know to what extent we should blame this amiable young couple. We have never been exposed to a similar temptation. No market value is ever likely to be put upon our own domestic proceedings, and we can only venture to hope that we should still prefer our house to be a private house, even though the public clamoured to know of our going out and our coming in. We will leave the question of taste out of account, and confine ourselves to a mild regret that Mr. Sydney should be content to sink the actor in the husband of Miss Keane, and that Miss Keane should neglect her reputation as a serious actress (which has yet to be established) in order that the public may miss no point of the sweet coincidence that her leading man upon the stage is also the lord and master of the Mill House, Cholesbury. We hardly know which is the sadder case. Mr. Sydney before his marriage gave evidence of brains and a preference for good things. Miss Keane's preformance in 'Romance' was often ingenious, and betrayed here and there a temperament which, with a little purging, might some day be turned to useful account in the service of the theatre. In 'Roxana' these promising young people prefer to eke out the resources of art by calling in aid the interest of the playgoer in their private lives. Unfortunately they are in a position to make a rejoinder which from one point of view is unanswerable. 'Roxana' has run for a hundred nights.

PINCHBECK.

IN these days of "rolled" gold, electro-plate and undetectable pearls, it is curious that almost the only honest *Ersatz* material known to the goldsmith's art should be utterly forgotten. Pinchbeck has become, most unjustly, a term of reproach; if a substitute, it was really a thing of beauty, that never wore thin or got shabby, and it took its name from one of the cleverest craftsmen of the day. Are you interested?

At the end of the seventeenth century the base-metal industry was in full swing. Gun-metal was not, nickel was not, but the lead base-silver or copper trinket, heavily fire-, water- or mercury-gilt, covered with a sort of ormolu, was the staple fairing. The gilt might wear off, the groundwork show through, but at their best the things were charming enough, from the watches embossed, like their golden betters, with mythological scenes, to the toys given as carnival presents in the Venice of Rosalba, Piranesi, Longhi, da Ponte and Goldoni. Rococo if you like, *Chinoiserie*, but dainty, appealing, and like Venice herself, hinting at the East in the *motifs* of their design and decoration. But when all is said, these ormolu trifles had no inherent virtue of material; their colour was added, not intrinsic, it simulated gold without its quality, it was essentially a sham. Not so pinchbeck, the alloy of copper and zinc which made the fortune of its "ingenuous inventor," Mr. Christopher Pinchbeck, who in 1721 migrated from Clerkenwell (whither his family had apparently removed from Pinchbeck in Lincolnshire) to the more profitable region of Fleet Street and the Sign of the Astronomico-Musickal Clock. Oddly enough, the metal is not mentioned in his life-time, though we know all about the shop filled with watches, clocks, "for the exact indication of time only," and elaborate clocks showing the "motions and phenomena of planets and fixed stars," barrel-organs for use in churches, automatic singing-birds and the like. And then there was his stall in Bartholomew Fair—the Temple of the Muses or

Multum in Parvo, as it is variously styled in the surviving posters. In 1729 this stall had the honour of attracting the attention of August Personages, "Fred, who was alive and is dead," about whom "there's no more to be said," and his lady-wife, no less, who came from Leicester Fields to see the exhibition. It is only after Christopher Pinchbeck's death in November, 1732, just in time to get a notice in Volume II. of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, that we hear of the metal. A few days later his son Edward thought it necessary to advertise that "The toys made of the late ingenious Mr. Pinchbeck's curious Metal, which so nearly resembles gold in Colour, Smell and Ductility, are now sold only by his Son, and sole Executor, Mr. Edward Pinchbeck . . . and by no other Person in England; for to him alone he communicated the secret; and Gentlemen and Ladies may be accommodated with Snuff-Boxes, Sword Hilt, Tweezer Cases, Buckles, and other fine pieces of Workmanship, made by the best hands." The advertisement adds that the astronomical and musickal clocks are still being made, which last "new invented Machines, are so artfully contrived, as to perform, on several instruments, great variety of fine Pieces of Musick, composed by the most celebrated Masters . . . Church Musick, Opera Airs, or Dance Musick of any kind . . . and the sweet Harmony of Birds . . . so as not to be distinguished from Nature itself." Repeating and other Watches are advertised, "more reliable time-keepers than have yet been made. Machine Fire Grates, and the Water-Engine, which seems to be a Self Mover, Mr. Pinchbeck readily explains to those who are curious," and customers are warned against the so-called Pinchbeck productions hawked about in coffee-houses. The production is headed by a cut of the Astronomico-Musickal Clock, duly adorned with cherubs playing musical instruments, and ships presumably fitted with the Pinchbeck chronometer. This cut recurs in a still more elaborate advertisement in the same newspaper next year, giving a full list of Pinchbeck's "Toys," including, besides what we have met already, Hangers, Cane Heads, Whip Handles, Spurs, Equipages (probably teapots and milk ewers), Watch Chains, Back-Scratchers, Buttons, Cooks' Whistles, Knives, Forks and Spoons, Salvers, five sorts of Buckle, Stock and Knee Clasps, Necklaces and "Corrals" (the mountings, that is). Pinchbeck watches are specially commended for a new reason, that they are "highly necessary for Gentlemen and Ladies when they travel"; i.e., you hid your gold one and offered Mr. Turpin the Pinchbeck substitute, "not to be distinguished by the nicest eye from real gold," and went your way rejoicing.

Luckily for us, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu asked her daughter in 1755 to send her over a couple of these "pair-case" watches, with their shagreen outer cases and flowered Battersea enamel dial-plates; five guineas each when she left England and probably dearer now. Thus Pinchbeck's ware was by no means cheap or shoddy, and, as we have seen, great stress was always laid upon the workmanship. We may finish the family history by a brief account of Christopher Pinchbeck, junior, Edward's younger brother, who had his full share of the family gifts. He was President of the Smeatonian Society, predecessor of the Institute of Civil Engineers; he invented a "plough for mending roads," a pneumatic brake for which the Society of Arts awarded him a gold medal; he made a wonderful astronomical clock for the young Queen Charlotte—it is now at Buckingham Palace; he invented patent candle snuffers, which continued to be made down to the middle of the last century, and won him the honour of a mock ode from William Mason; he was satirized by Wilkes as one of the King's friends, and by the minor journalists of the day as "the noted Pinchbeck buckle and knick-knack maker to the King." A fourth member of the family, Richard Pinchbeck, toyman, is only known from the pages of the London Directory.

And what of the "toys" themselves, and the metal

which preserves, not always kindly, their maker's name? Peter Amyot, clockmaker and perfumer, The Gentlemen's Walk, Norwich, used to sell them, and there is scarcely a country house in Norfolk—once the richest county in England—which does not contain one of them; a knife-handle perhaps, pistol-shaped, fitted to a steel scimitar blade; or a *pomme de canno*, such as fitted the hand of Sir Plume's successors the Macaronies, for whose use also were those quizzers with Pinchbeck mounts, useful to rake the boxes for a fine woman on Ranelagh nights or at the Opera. A seal mount, a frame of a miniature, the famous snuffers, here they all are, here above all, is a form of candlestick with its swinging upright, warranted to remain perpendicular when carried in any position. It seems little less than tragic that Mrs. Boswell, of Auchinleck, had not one of these to give to Dr. Johnson to save him from the solecism of dropping wax over her carpets, and herself from a fertile source of irritation. If you don't care much for family portraits, you may never have noticed that old gentleman in the solemn wig on the stairs, but there he is, with a flat shagreen box of instruments beside him on the table. Now and then you may actually come across one of these flat boxes. Open the black shagreen case with its padded green velvet lining and take out the scales and weights with their embossed scrolls; why, they are inscribed with the names of coins, foreign mostly, moidore, ducat, rixthaler, zecchins, and the like. Of course, his business was at Yarmouth, his trading mostly overseas, and those coins came to him in payment from the Baltic and Mediterranean ports, and had to be weighed as they were handed in to see that they were sound, not sweated, shaken in a canvas bag—that is, to wear off the gold (you can mill your coins to prevent clipping, but who but Goschen till Bradbury came on the scene shall guard you from the light-weight sovereign?) That quid box there belonged to the old man's third son, who ran away to sea rather than go 'prentice to a silk-weaver at Norwich; that genteel snuff-box went to court with the old man himself when he presented his Corporation's address of congratulation on his Majesty's happy recovery in 1789. Here is a prettier toy, a *châtelaine*, made up of an étui, thimble-holder, vinaigrette and nutmeg-egg, and scissors. The étui contains—alas for romance—pick-tooths and eye-brow tweezers, all delicately chased in scroll and strapwork. Take up this tiny travelling inkstand, scarcely three inches long and an inch and a half wide; and yet, in it, stand two glass bottles, one for ink and one for pounce, the ancestor of blotting paper, its pen-holder in four sections fitting together telescope-fashion, and—if you will believe it—a tiny drawer containing small quill nibs and wafers under this *multum in parvo*, so that the bottles actually stand on a false bottom. Here is a pastille-burner, pierced flowers set in an egg-shaped vase; here a watch with pierced and jewelled cock over the balance-wheel. What can this four inch tube-like object be, chased with scrolls and arabesques? That, my friend, is a Macaroni's Companion, and the earliest periscope in Europe. Hold it to your eye and look through it; its tube conducts your vision not to things opposite, as you expect, but, by a tiny oblique mirror, round the corner. The young blood who owned it, while to all appearances sweeping the opposite box, was really ogling his neighbour through this periscope. And it took till the twentieth century to make military use of the discovery! Yes, but that tube through the centre of which you peep as through a telescope, you have not finished with it yet. Take off the top, and here is the Macaroni's outfit: pick-tooths, earpoons, nose-tweezers, tongue-scraper, and other horrors of the toilet; having seen it, you will believe, for the first time perhaps, in Jane Austen's beau, who spent so much time in the first floor room of Gray's in Sackville Street over designing that étui of ivory, gold and pearls, without which his existence could not long be continued. Alas, for the changing taste of a single generation! The Macaroni of 1770 had his toilet

implements indeed, but was content with fine design and workmanship in Pinchbeck; the beau of Miss Austen's is all for gold and glitter, to be made in a hurry.

After the younger Pinchbeck's death his metal disappeared. Base metal trinkets heavily gilded took the place of the fine and genuine material, and we are prepared for Gillray's picture of the Prince Regent using a fork with which to pick his teeth. That picture, and a dainty Pinchbeck pick-tooth case, such as you may see in the South Kensington Museum, is the measure of the social change between 1770 and 1810.

Light, honest, beautiful in colour, confiding to the touch, free from all taint of sham, Pinchbeck is almost unknown to-day, save in the vitrine of a collector. Is it too late to hope for its revival, not as an archaistic toy, but as a vehicle for a delicate and living art?

ART AND THE WAR.

WHATEVER we may think of the many schemes of "reconstruction" which are now in the air, it is certain that the diversion of our industrial plant and our productive energy from warlike to peaceful uses which will presumably take place on an enormous scale during the next few years must involve much industrial reconstruction in the merely material, if not in the more revolutionary sense of the phrase. It is therefore rightly recognized that there is a great opportunity for the furtherance of their several schemes by idealists of every type; and with some of them—those, for instance, who have so long desired a revival of English agriculture—the gigantic forces generated by the war are co-operating in a marked degree.

Perhaps there are comparatively few of us, outside the small group of enthusiasts of the Art and Crafts movement, who regard this period of necessary reconstruction as the opportunity for a revival of our national arts; yet an art revival of some kind is by no means one of the least probable results of the war, and its possibility should be kept constantly in mind by all who are interested in reconstruction. For it is not only the doctrine of such idealists as Ruskin—it is, as he was forced to recognize against his will, one of the plainest lessons of history, that the great artist nations have been warrior nations, and that great art revivals may be expected, with more or less confidence according to circumstances, as the result of the war.

By the splendid conduct of our civilian as of our regular armies, and of our mercantile as of our naval marine, we have largely cleared ourselves from that suspicion of decadence which was widely prevalent, not only unfortunately for herself, in Germany, but even amongst our own intellectuals during the too grossly commercial decades previous to the outbreak of war. But this uncomfortable suspicion cannot be wholly allayed so long, for example, as we, their civilized successors and conquerors, are unable, we will not say to restore or imitate, but worthily to replace, those wonderful works of art and architecture which were produced, as they have now been destroyed, by comparative barbarians in the invaded territories. It cannot be wholly allayed till we have again a living national art, not similar—not imitation, as in our sham antique furniture and neo-Gothic architecture—but at least equal in its own way to the Gothic art and architecture of our forefathers of the middle ages.

For whilst the addition to excessive luxury has been a constant symptom of the decline of empires, there is no surer sign of a people's health and vitality than the profuse expression in their national arts of their ideals and their creative energy; excepting, perhaps, that military ability and courage for which, it is to be hoped, the civilized world will have very little further occasion. It may be said that our creative energy is now sufficiently expressed in science, literature and fine art; but it is only the energy of a comparatively small class

which is, or probably ever can be, thus expressed; even so, our literature and fine arts do not bear comparison with those of the really great periods; and this is probably because these, which should be the flower of a more widely national and popular art, are not now sufficiently deeply rooted in the substrata. Literature and fine arts cannot continue to flourish side by side with science unless they inspire and are nourished by the lesser arts of the great working population, as science inspires and is nourished by its mechanical labours. And though science has doubtless a great part to play in our spiritual development, it needs a counterpoise; a really great nation will never subsist wholly upon science and mechanical labour.

This does not necessarily mean that now or at any time an art revival can be deliberately organized by artists and philanthropic persons. You cannot produce the symptoms of health and vitality if the health and vitality are lacking. But by suppressing the symptoms you may gradually destroy the health; and if, as many of our prophets have told us, we have been guilty of this blunder in the past, let us take care that we are no longer thus guilty. The war has borne witness to a greater health and vitality in the great mass of the people than some of us would have cared to predict, and this can only be increased by victory. Already a larger proportion of our convalescent soldiers than could well have been expected after a century or so of too purely commercial industrialism have proved in their brief respite from the deadening routine of the factory and the office that they have an inclination and ability for art-production, however elementary, which under more favourable conditions might soon be turned to good account. During the dislocation and gradual reconstruction of our industries which must follow the declaration of peace, opportunities should arise for finding these men suitable training and employment; and though it is not our business here to insist on any particular scheme, plans are already on foot for utilizing those opportunities which should receive whatever assistance can be rendered either by the Government or the general public.

In any such schemes let us beware, however, of a too narrowly "aesthetic" intention. The foundation of a true art revival, in so far as it depends on the consumer, is best laid by the demand, not for ambitious design or extraneous ornament, but for perfect fitness of design and honesty of material and workmanship in all durable goods; in all objects especially, however humble, of everyday life and use. But even the plainest sort of really high quality costs money; and though, even if a luxury tax is not imposed, it may be necessary for us for some years to exercise economy in the matter of luxuries, let us see to it, both in our private and public expenditure and in our fiscal operations, that our economy is as little detrimental as it possibly can be to art production. It may be worth while to insist further on this distinction between luxury and art on another occasion; for it is really almost as clear and as important as the distinction between disease and health.

SANS SOUCI.

"A TORRENT of barbarians," says Gibbon, "may pass over the earth, but an extensive empire must be supported by a refined system of policy and oppression." The policy is before us just now in what Matthew Arnold called a "Thyestean banquet of clap-trap." The main instrument of oppression, "Dora," is still more potent than Cleopatra ever was, or other world-famous and lovely creatures. The refinement was not conspicuous in the literature provided by our local candidates.

Is the war over, and when will the expensive institutions raised to help us muddle through disappear? When I was last in Hyde Park, I noticed a pretty gathering of grey squirrels (free to observers), and a School of Camouflage (secluded from visi-

tors). The latter has nothing, I should have thought, to teach the politicians; but, before it breaks up—if, indeed, it is not a perpetual holiday—it might try its hand on the Albert Memorial close by. I never worshipped the golden calves of Albert.

Politics is the game for honours, but give me Prospero's Dukedom—"me, poor man, my library was dukedom large enough." I envy no duke his birthright, though I should not mind the indifference to clothes and bad hats which such high position occasionally gives. One duke, on the golf course, I took for a man whose duty it is to clean out the bunkers. That ferocious pedant Freeman was once examining the field of Senlac, which used to be called the Battle of Hastings. A shabby man came up and offered his services as guide. "Go away," rapped out the historian; "I don't want you at all." The man insisted, thought he could be of special use. "Go away; I don't want any information," was the retort. "But really, sir, if you would allow me," the man persisted. "Go away," screamed the exasperated Freeman; "the Duke has given orders for me to be left quite alone." "But I am the Duke," was the answer.

Men of letters have reason to be irritable in these days, for their lot is not a happy one. Most of them are *strugforlifeurs*. The patron has disappeared; the publisher has hardly taken his place. They are confronted with

"Toil, envy, want, the public and the Mail."

Dr. Saintsbury, who knows everything and has a style of his own, says in 'The Peace of the Augustans' that "Grub Street" was very largely a mystification and delusion invented by the satirists. Well, it was a fairly solid phantom in the eighteenth century; Gissing knew something about New Grub Street in the nineteenth; and in the twentieth well-known writers employ strugglers to do their work for them at a scandalous wage, or—strange trade—to do them into English.

Matthew Arnold remarked that too much time is wasted over grammar, which Prospero neglected in the quotation given above; but he and Goethe agreed that no man who knows only his own language knows that. Nowadays, you can be a successful writer without knowing your own language even, and sign somebody else's work with blushless impudence.

The "sweating" of the literary "ghost" seldom comes to light. Here, however, is a detail from 'My Struggle for Life,' by Joseph Keating (1916), one of those adventurers in literature who are determined to win success. He got into touch with a popular novelist, who employed him as follows:

"From the files of a woman's weekly journal he brought out an old fashioned serial, and asked me if I could alter and modernise the story for publication as a present-day novel; with his name on the title page as the author."

Mr. Keating did three chapters and then asked for "the ordinary price for serial writing; one guinea for a thousand words." The famous author could not afford that. So the remainder was done by some other person, and the novel appeared. Mr. Keating comments: "Dozens of novels bore his name. I do not know if all his books were created out of ancient crumbling files, and written by ghostly hands."

The "best sellers" know a thing or two, and so do some literary agents. There are good ones, of course, to whom authors owe much, but there are others. The innocent author does not think about the American rights of his books. An accomplished novelist once told me that America was rather hopeless. Either your agent was too stupid to get anything for you, or he was clever enough to get a lot, and stick to it. There is some truth, I daresay, in this playful exaggeration.

Two thousand glasses, I hear, were broken in one superior restaurant on one night in Armistice Week. What a thing it is to be a valiant gentleman!

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AFTERMATH OF THE ELECTION.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Now that the froth of the Election has been blown away, we may be permitted to make our deductions, as comment and criticism cannot now affect the result.

The fate of the Kaiser cannot be said to practically affect our vital interests, but the point as to the payment of the war bill certainly does, and as that was the chief plank of the platform of the Coalition and other candidates, if the Coalition Government has a good majority—which we hope—its mandate would be that our enemies must pay. This call of the electorate therefore that the huge burden of the cost of the war imposed on us by our conquered enemies should be borne by them and not by us, will doubtless continue to appeal insistently long after the election. The great schemes of reconstruction and reform which are to succeed the war might otherwise be delayed and impeded by the impoverishment of our people, which failure to make provision for the refunding of our vast losses might cause.

If we are not to be crushed by taxation for the next generation, and the path of progress and development thereby obstructed, surely Germany and Turkey must pay, and pay in full. Austria may possibly have to settle with Italy, but Turkey, whose intervention in the war has caused us such vast expenditure, has resources, practically illimitable, abounding in territories, now idle and waste, which could make restitution and which may be expected to do so. The cost to the country of the campaigns against Turkey, from Gallipoli to the Caspian and the Persian Gulf, must make a formidable item in the sum of our war costs.

The loss of life and physical suffering have been generally distributed amongst the families of rich and poor alike, and for these sacrifices which cannot be retrieved, the nation mourns. The loss of fortune, ruined prospects, deep anxiety for the future, are burdens that are not equally distributed. Many have made millions, and millions have made money by the war. Many have filled their safes and coffers and can look forward to the future with complacency and satisfaction. Many have had lucrative positions and honours and glorious revels, and many have admittedly enjoyed the best time of their lives. Are not those who have had the worst entitled to claim consideration? Those for instance who have had to use up their capital to keep their families alive. What can peace do for them? Nothing surely but diminished taxation. The policy to "let the galled jade wince" does not hold out the prospect of a better and happier England. Hence we may learn a lesson from the election. The Coalition programme embraces the policy that our enemies should refund the cost of the war, and thus, presumably, lighten the heavy burden of taxation, but peace is apparently to precede schemes of reconstruction and reform costing vast sums of money. By these the losers must suffer further. The necessity for increased production is a commonplace, but that will take years to accomplish. In any case the electorate has, in effect, declared that the lightening of our burdens here, now that our enemies are upon their knees, is expected; otherwise the unequal incidence of the burdens of war on large sections of the people may bring upon the Government, for years to come, a well merited curse.

When war is rampant, and the issues are doubtful, and we see train-loads of wounded passing by, no one thinks of cost, but bears gladly all burdens; but that has passed. All will welcome for the warrior or his dependents a liberal provision from the nation's purse. But there is money being spent daily before our eyes which may well be objected to. Taxation is infectious. The municipalities are largely increasing their demands, and reconstruction becomes a veritable bogey to the very limited class who pay local rates. It may be well to remind the imposers of burdens that high levies are a sure sign of bad management, and of loose morality with regard to the expenditure of other

people's money. Those in power might well bear in mind that there are large classes who feel but do not squeal, and that those who shout the loudest do not always deserve the most, and that continued favouring of certain classes at the expense of others must always breed a condition of irritation and dissatisfaction. The point that I wish to make is that the election has shown that the people recognise that the settlement of the terms of peace involves largely the question of reconstruction afterwards. What interests so many therefore is how they are going to live after the war, and what to them is to be the cost of peace. Three large hotels full of British brain and force will, we hope, help to secure and to bring back to us here that which was asked for at the recent election.

The Prime Minister, we are sure, will welcome, rather than resent, the views of his warm supporters, remembering that "*pessimus genus inimicorum laudantes*." We remember with gratitude that he saved the financial situation at the outset of war, and we may trust him equally to do so in the dawn of peace.

Your obedient servant,
J. F. L. ROLLESTON.

THE FUTURE OF CONSERVATISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Many old-fashioned Conservatives feel very uneasy about the "blank cheque" given, or supposed to be given, by their leaders to Mr. Lloyd George. This feeling is natural enough, but really there is nothing to be done since the said leaders are confessedly mere copyists and therefore quite incapable of leadership on Conservative lines, while the House of Lords and those who constitute what are humorously called the ruling classes are convinced that, in spite of heredity, environment and traditions, they are unable to provide a single English gentleman able to compete with the brilliant Welsh attorney. It is very pleasant, we know, to have a trap of one's own, but, if one's originality does not go as far as this, surely the next best thing is to take a back seat in the triumphal car of one's former rival and opponent. After all, if a class feels politically decadent, the best thing, perhaps, is to say so and to seek to gain from pity a certain influence which one cannot expect from respect. For myself, I venture to think that the adulation of Mr. Lloyd George is excessive and unnecessary; but, on the other hand, it has its fine side, if considered as part of the policy of abnegation which has been the fixed policy of English property-owners since the beginning of the war. Surely history records nothing finer than this—that the class which has suffered most severely in blood and money for the common weal should be silent about its own sacrifices and treat its broken hearts and fortunes as merely matters of course. (If Welsh farmers or colliers had suffered in anything like the same degree, with what fiery eloquence would their sacrifices have been portrayed!) It is certainly unfortunate that this heroism should be so often accompanied by the intellectual lethargy which mistakes stupor for strategy and stupidity for statesmanship, but cleverness and heroism do not often go together, the clever man feeling instinctively that there are opportunities for the exercise of his talents in this world which may be lacking in the next. The hereditary landowning class in this country is certainly not clever, while its critics and enemies very often are.

A good deal is to be hoped for from the fact that many of the more intelligent among the Unionist candidates supported Mr. Lloyd George at a popular crisis and for a particular purpose—the establishment of a world-wide Peace—but are by no means committed to follow whithersoever he may lead. This means that, if we think it worth while, we can one day re-establish the old Conservative party on the new basis of Individualism. Revival in any other form is, as you have allowed me to point out before, impossible now that the House of Lords has signed its own death warrant and that the Church of England is on the way to disestab-

lishment and, alas, probably disendowment also. With the Constitution wrecked and the Establishment gone, the social atmosphere which made the old Conservatism possible and appropriate and valuable will have disappeared, and anything which takes its place will have to depend, not upon sentiment and traditions, but upon principles and logic.

Much of the unrest, of which so much is being said, is due to irritation at the regime of tyranny, waste, incompetence, jobbery and corruption to which we have had to submit for the last four years as part of the price payable for victory. Show men that the Conservatism of the new era offers them individual freedom and the minimum of interference and you will be surprised how many recruits will flock to your standard. Quite lately there has been a threat of serious trouble at a large camp in the North of England among soldiers who are anxious to be released from service and are fiercely indignant with the Government for the delay in their demobilisation, while all the time it is not the authorities—so called—but the trade unions who refuse to allow their discharge until they, the trade unions, send them a trade union ticket or permit! In other words, soldiers are being irritated into insubordination because the bosses of the Trade Union Caucus want to delay demobilisation for their own sectional, selfish purposes, regarding themselves as the real rulers of the country beside whom Lloyd George and Bonar Law and King George count for little or nothing.

Again, these former employees, now in the Army, wish to return to my service, but before an application for release can be considered one has to fill up answers to over 20 questions and give minute details of past and future wages. This, I maintain, is only of concern to the employees and myself, while all this inquisitorial humbug causes wasteful delay and adds largely to our enormous war bill.

Yours faithfully,
Scarcroft, Leeds. C. F. RYDER.

IRELAND'S CONTRIBUTION.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Benjamin Broadbent's letter (October 12th) makes one realise how much easier it is to blame than to praise. He writes: "The war is won without the help of Ireland to her eternal shame."

It is strange, indeed, for England to win any war without the help of Ireland. The world has heard a great deal of the evil done by Ireland, but the great help she has often been to England is much more rarely told.

One instance of the latter, will, I think, suffice. In those days, which read so strangely like the period through which we are now passing, the Duke of Wellington gave to the Irish a large share in helping to save the English throne. He spoke in reality of Catholic Ireland who had always given much of her manhood to the rank and file of the British Army. As I am a Protestant Irishwoman of the south, it is only fair to dwell upon the fact that it is Catholic Ireland which the Duke mentions. Perhaps some of your readers may have forgotten this generous tribute of a Protestant Irishman to his Catholic countrymen. So I may be forgiven for quoting it in this hour when Peace has come to us, and with Peace should come something of good will to those who do not think as we think. "Your Lordships," said the Duke, "It is well known that of the troops which our Gracious Sovereign did me the honour to entrust to my command during the Peninsular war—a war undertaken for the express purpose of securing the happy institution and independence of the country—more than one-half were Roman Catholics. Your Lordships," he goes on, "are well aware for what length of period and under what circumstances they maintained the Empire, buoyant upon the flood that overwhelmed thrones and wrecked institutions of every other people; but they kept alive the only spark of freedom which was unextinguished in Europe." Surely this helps in all charity to balance the unresponsiveness—an un-

responsiveness which can be attributed in the minds of thinking people to the lack of any moral courage shown by the British Government in its management of Irish affairs, both shortly before the war and after it had begun. Let it be remembered also that these thrilling words of the Duke were spoken when England was governing Ireland with such callousness as should still remain an "eternal shame" to Englishmen.

But, even so, even if Ireland's share in this war pales beside her past, Irish people refuse to acknowledge the truth of Mr. Broadbent's letter.

England did not win this war of freedom without the help of Irishmen. The graves in Gallipoli and in France deny that.

In memory of those graves I write from across the sea to ask Mr. Broadbent if he has forgotten the Ireland across the sea or the Irishmen who went forth from Canada, Australia, New Zealand. Evidently he has. Has he also forgotten the great number of Irishmen who helped to form the American Army? He must have done so. Or, nearer home, the Irishmen in the Regular Army who went with Lord French to fight for English freedom? Or those who were recruited for the New Army of Lord Kitchener? All these make a goodly number of Irishmen. No. Emphatically, no! England has not won this war without the help of the Irish.

Is there nothing to-day to the "eternal shame" of some Englishmen? Have Englishmen forgotten the continual strikes going on during the war? The Sinn Feiners paid the penalty of their sin against humanity with imprisonment or death. The strikers of England received higher wages for their disloyalty. Let us leave it at that instead of magnifying the one and ignoring the other. Peace has come, but will it bring a better understanding of Irish needs? An understanding of any other point of view but their own is difficult to the English, it is said; and because they are content with certain conditions, Ireland must be also.

Sorrow has come to the Empire; it should bring with it charity—centuries of struggle against English misgovernment have blinded the eye of the Irish to the good qualities of their rulers. On the other hand, England in her ignorant arrogance as to the why and wherefore of that struggle has no spiritual vision as to why she failed in Ireland, although so willing to do what is right, and both England and Ireland need a broader charity to one another. If it does not come now, it never will.

Very truly yours,
KATHLEEN MACKENZIE.

BOOK HUNTING.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I was delighted with the article in your Literary Supplement on the joys of the book-hunter who cannot afford to indulge in Caxtons and other rarities which need a long purse.

The Press is not entirely devoid of records of search and success among bookmen moderately endowed with money; but such articles are certainly rare, though the seekers are always many and persistent.

For my own part, I have been busy gazing at bookshops and buying at intervals for thirty years and have made many a pleasant discovery. I have never, like an old friend of mine, bought a book for $\frac{1}{2}$ d. and sold it for £50, nor have I brought off any of those wondrous bargains which make collectors envious. But I have secured some excellent books which I wanted very cheap. The Works of Samuel Johnson, for instance, in a strong and elegant calf binding and the good type of an early Dublin edition, cost me less than two of the fashionable novels of to-day. Two shillings previously had secured Johnson's Dictionary in two volumes. The Household Edition of Dickens, including *Forster's Life*, has long been out of print, and I got it some years since at an absurd price which would not pay for its lasting coat nowadays. It will survive my time, and go on, I hope, to amuse many another reader.

'The Newcomes,' in three paper volumes and excellent type, I have seen displayed at 3d., a cheap holiday

book, indeed. I got for a shilling a Horace which contains the best index I have ever seen. I took that part out and had it rebound. The Oxford scholar who owned the book in the forties wrote in pencil on the front page, "Two Odes *per diem*, to be taken after breakfast."

In Aberdeen Market, from a snuffy old gentleman in a brown coat I secured an excellent French Dictionary for some thirty pence.

There is a large field for research and pleasure nowadays in securing three-volume editions of Victorian novels. This leisurely form of publication may not appeal to the present hustling age, but it meant much better type than we get nowadays. For an assiduous reader this question of type is important; and one might think that some modern publishers were in league with the spectacle-makers. That great book 'Middlemarch' is preferable in several volumes, and can, or could, be got quite cheap. With a few notable exceptions type and paper have deteriorated, and the man who can find a large paper edition of B. W. Procter's *Memoir of Lamb* is getting a thing well worth keeping. I have a little dumpy edition with the *Essays of Elia* attached, which pleases me better than the issues of modern commentators. Moxon's one-volume 'Elia and Eliana' is also desirable, like his Hood and Keats. I do not despise modern editions, with their laborious annotations, but these are the books to carry to the fire and read at leisure by the inferior light which we generally have to tolerate at present.

None of these instances of book-hunting is a triumph. But I do not write as a vainglorious man; I prefer to mention what anyone can do. The bookman of to-day needs to learn that Victorian and eighteenth-century books are often not out of date, but superior to the successors which have pushed them out of general currency. Everyone, as your writer wisely says, can have his own special line. I knew a man who collected Directories of England and Wales, and there may be folks who dote on the obsolete theology of the two last centuries. Their field must be very large and their spending small.

Good illustrations are always attractive and sometimes cheap. The Tennyson adorned by the Pre-Raphaelites was a prize for the knowing as a remainder till the financial folks got wind of its being a good thing and put it up higher, and finally produced a modern facsimile of it. There is also an 'Arabian Nights' done by Pre-Raphaelite hands which I should be glad to see again. The grace of the illustrations arrides me more than the gaudy fantasies of the moderns in colours.

In all these transactions one has to trust one's own taste. That is a great comfort; for the inflated prices of books which will never be read seem chiefly designed to make some millionaire respectable. He, as Lucian pointed out, does not read. We do, and can tolerate the world's coarse thumb on a book, and even the comments of the stupid on a misunderstood text. Sometimes the *marginalia* are of another sort. I love, for instance, Landor's comments on his *Apuleius*. But that is getting to a more expensive sphere of bigger game.

Yours faithfully,
BOUQUINEUR.

OPEN WINDOWS AND MUFFLED THROATS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Now that the question of open windows has been thrashed out, can anyone explain the following?

England, it is acknowledged, is the home of the "hardening" idea; people live with open windows in the depth of winter, take freezing baths, sit in icy cold rooms, and (until the last few years) went without overcoats, and yet they turn up their collars at the least zephyr of wind, and wrap yards of thick woollen comforter about their necks.

Can anyone explain this anomaly, or is it merely a fad, like turned up trousers and Charley Chaplin moustaches?

WALTER WINANS.

REVIEWS.

SWINBURNE AS LETTER-WRITER.

The Letters of Algenon Charles Swinburne. Edited by Edmund Gosse and Thomas J. Wise. 2 vols. Heinemann. 21s. net.

THESE letters, printed in excellent type and on an ample page, are of real interest to serious students of literature, but they lack the attraction which belonged to Mr. Gosse's exhibition of the eccentricities of his poet-friend. They show how entirely Swinburne was devoted to the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists whom he began to explore in early youth. The publications of Mr. A. H. Bullen and other scholars in this line claim more space than anything, though Swinburne's enthusiasm for Landor and Victor Hugo is also marked in many letters. He was a bookman and a writer, and nothing else, and only a bookman learned on similar lines can relish his detailed discussions of his pet authors. For the rest, we get hints of Swinburne's habits, but little to satisfy the gusto of those latter-day readers for whom to be interesting is to be indiscreet. Once more we find the poet acknowledging his carelessness in matters of business which ordinary mortals can manage for themselves:—

"I never did take the pains I might have done to engrave on my mind and retain in my memory such details of business or other matters as would not naturally fix themselves there; and consequently mind and memory want rubbing and refreshing from without before they can see clearly."

He needed one of those flappers who had to awaken the dreamy philosophers of Laputa to the trivial interests of daily life. For, if he was not extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, he was busy getting rhymes and rhetoric out of many things, from the last Greek oracle to the newest of new babies.

The letters are, as Mr. Gosse tells us, only a selection of what we shall get in time, though we do not expect some of the poet's ebullitions in print until we get, say, the complete reflections of Mr. Samuel Pepys. Mr. Gosse, abstaining from all irony, commends to attentive readers of this collection "the courtesy, the generosity, the delicate glow of friendship which were characteristic of this noble poet."

Was he "noble"? Our answer to this question must be "Yes" and "No." No one could be more generous to his friends, but nobility does not heap abuse on detractors, or load stupidity with Billingsgate. Swinburne was an odd mixture. One day he would offer to lend an intimate in distress £200—all he had, or, more probably, had not, got; another he would break with that friend for disloyalty, i.e., a sincere but unpleasant criticism of his poetry. The eagerness to secure suitable reviewers exhibited here is natural, perhaps, but not engaging. The Letters afford a strong plea on the side of those who contend that reviewers should remain anonymous. No man can be expected to take an unbiassed view of his own literary offspring, and few feel quite the same towards a friend before and after he has treated their work with incisive candour. The literary life is difficult enough as it is without these added animosities and disagreeables. Swinburne begins with splendid thanks to Lord Houghton for introducing him to Landor and ends by calling him "Baron Tattle, of Scandal."

The long quarrel between Swinburne and Furnivall is echoed here. It was a disgrace to both, and the remnants of it which disfigure books of worth due to both should be eliminated. Who produced the best or the worst Billingsgate no one cares to decide. The whole thing has become as much of a bore as the never sufficiently discussed quarrel between Dickens and Thackeray over Edmund Yates. Swinburne was quite sound about Society journalism and its hideous personalities, and was careful to guard himself against such vile use of intimate revelations when he wrote his long and interesting letter to E. C. Stedman about himself and his family. His curious Gamp-like vein of humour breaks out now and again, and is preferable to his outbursts of denunciation. Certainly he needed

the curb now and again, for he was eager, when he had once put pen to paper, to see the results, however ill-considered, in print.

In considering his fury concerning the reception of his early work we have to put ourselves some way back from the easy indifference and senseless civility of reviewers to-day. One critic said of 'Poems and Ballads,' "Any father who finds it in his household should at once consign it to the flames." When Victoria reigned and Science had not arrived to modify the rigours of literary critics as the police of Religion, it was extraordinarily easy to be profane and difficult to be sufficiently moral. A critic in the *Quarterly* blamed a poet for not introducing the linked moral virtues of a Polonius. Can we wonder that writers of brains and distinction were irritated into giving critics something worth blaspheming about, and into going beyond what stupid pedants set down as the laws of propriety and truth?

Those days are long since gone, and we think Mr. Gosse might have added to his explanatory notes, especially as no one could do them with an apter touch. Who now knows Purnell, his title of "Q," or the paper for which he wrote? Who is familiar with the career of Charles Augustus Howell? We are grateful to Mr. Gosse for one of the best letters in the collection, a judicious lesson of restraint to a young man deep in verse-writing. There are other letters which show Swinburne's mastery of effective dignity in refusing an invitation, or of kindly reticence in dismissing mediocrity. No man ever worshipped his gods with so whole a heart. We get but a glimpse of his passion for Adah Isaacs Menken—which is, perhaps, as well—and pleasant signs of his adoration for babies. Of Stevenson for some reason he would not say a word. Here, perhaps, as in his later views of Walt Whitman, he was influenced by Watts-Dunton; but generally he was independent and indifferent to the views of other men. He proclaims Poe, like Shelley, one of the very worst of critics of poetry that ever existed. Carlyle, he says in one letter, "ought to be in London tying firebrands to the tails of those unclean foxes called publishers and printers." He was impatient about proofs, and he feared the *SATURDAY REVIEW* when he left an elementary error in one of his Greek poems. It is odd to find him admiring Frederick the Great and hating Horace. He had the right and proper confidence which men of genius cherish for their own work, but he was capable of self-criticism of a keen sort now and again. Thus he wrote of his poem on Gautier:—

"The metrical effect is, I think, not bad, but the danger of such metres is diffuseness and flaccidity. I perceive this one to have a tendency to the dulcet and luscious form of verbosity which has to be guarded against, lest the poem lose its foothold and be swept off its legs, sense and all, down a flood of effeminate and monotonous music, or lost and split in a maze of what I call draggle-tailed melody."

If only he could have restrained that "dulcet and luscious verbosity"! But the "years that bring the philosophic mind" left him with the feverous impulses, the extravagance, the little more (and how much it is too much!) of youth. They left him also the naturalness, the shining sincerity and the generous enthusiasm which are often dulled in manhood. He never posed; he never grew up.

NAPOLEON'S TACTICS.

Studies in Napoleonic Strategy. By Capt. R. A. Hall. Allen & Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.

THE fact that this little book was written on active service—so near, indeed, to the battle front that the chapter on Waterloo was interrupted by a German shell—makes the task of criticising it a somewhat ungrateful one.

Minute accuracy in dates and details is unimportant in a general survey of the Napoleonic strategy on which the practice of the present General Staff of the French Army has been based throughout the war—indeed,

such details serve only to obscure the vital points at issue, and confuse the judgment of the reader.

What Capt. Hall desires to convey to us is the fact that the methods adopted by the German General Staff are clumsy (as compared with those of the French) and that Napoleon might just as well never have existed for all the use they have made of his experience and teaching.

It is not necessary to this end to drag in any summary of the methods of the Seven Years War, or to give the comments on Frederick's campaigns as written by the young Lieut. Bonaparte long before the essential problem of modern strategy had been apparent either to him or to anyone else.

The strategy of modern days, i.e., what the technical experts writing for one another mean when they use the word "strategy," only came into existence in 1805. Then for the first time in history an Army, divided into Army Corps, under subordinate commanders, marched out by several parallel roads in order to find and overwhelm its adversary.

Now the essence of the whole modern controversy lies in this, that, though the plan adopted by the Emperor succeeded—apparently brilliantly—he never repeated it. It was this fact that first attracted the notice of the Historical Section of the French General Staff, and led them to the most minute examination of all the documentary evidence available, in order to find its explanation.

When these papers had been investigated, it was found that Napoleon's plan, so far from having been the conspicuous success which all Europe had agreed to consider it, only by a succession of lucky accidents escaped being a glaring fiasco. It must have killed the Emperor's reputation, had the facts been allowed to leak out.

Knowing nothing of all these circumstances, the German Staff under Moltke took this campaign as their model, neglecting all others; and when about twenty years ago the truth was at last published, the German Staff refused to accept the inevitable conclusion—not on the grounds of historical inaccuracy or logical defect, but because the alternative system subsequently devised and practised by Napoleon made such high demands on the discipline and self-sacrifice of the troops that the Germans boldly proclaimed no "conscript army in Europe after forty years of peace" could be trusted with its execution.

It was this great issue which was fought out on the Marne; and the German system might conceivably have been justified by results, but for two facts. First, the weight of the German blow fell not on continental compulsory service peace-trained troops, but on a voluntary army averaging some six years' service, and led by war-trained officers; and, secondly, at the critical point in the French line where a break-through would have spelt disaster, the Germans found themselves opposed by the one General in France whose ability and personal magnetism made up for the defects of short service and peace time training in the men he had.

This was the service rendered to the world by Field Marshal Foch on the 10th, 11th and 12th of September, 1914, and once the French Army, and for the matter of that, the British Army also, discovered that the methods to which they were committed made no greater demands on the men than they could meet, confidence in the supreme Command was established, and no soldiers have ever felt any doubt in the ultimate issue of the war, however long it might endure, provided always that the civilians behind them would play their part.

CHINESE POLITICS.

The Fight for the Republic in China. By B. L. Putnam Weale. Hurst and Blackett. 21s. net.

THE author is well qualified to write about China, being by heredity, as well as by adoption a Chinese Civil Servant. For more than twenty years China has been his home, but he has lived there, not as a member of the foreign colony, but as a servant of the Chinese Government. Thus he has an inner view of the problems of the country. He sees them with the eye not only of the European, but also of the native. The book is written for a purpose, and that is to place the case of China as against her enemies before the judgment of civilisation. To do this the author seems to have been afforded exceptional opportunities, of which he has made excellent use. The result is a book which is valuable, but markedly pro-Chinese.

There has not been an absolute dearth of news from China during the past few years; but on the other hand, the news that has come to Europe has been so scrappy and disjointed that it has puzzled rather than enlightened, the lay reader. As illustration we may quote the opening paragraph of a communication recently sent by the *Times* Peking correspondent:

"Persistent efforts have been made during the last few months to issue Chinese gold notes, for which purpose a large loan was offered by Japan. Such a loan would conflict with the currency loan agreement of 1911, and the reorganisation loan of 1913. The Minister of Finance has sought to interpret the passive attitude of the group of bankers and the Legation as a tacit consent to the gold note loan, or to the issue of such notes without a loan. It is being pointed out to the Chinese Government officially that any such issue would meet with grave opposition."

We challenge anyone who has not made a special study of Chinese affairs to elucidate the mystery which this paragraph covers. Mr. Weale's book will supply the key to this and other similar puzzles. It is a political history of China during the past few years and the one dominating fact which the author discovers in that history is that the great, the only real danger, with which China is threatened, is her neighbour, Japan. The author admits that it may be difficult to convince Western readers of this, and this is his explanation: "The Statesmen of Tokio long ago discerned the necessity of having two independent policies—an Eastern policy for Eastern Asia and a Western policy for Western nations. . . . Whilst the Western policy is frank and manly, and is exclusively in the hands of brilliant and attractive men, who have been largely educated in the schools of Europe and America and who are fully able to deal with all matters in accordance with the customary traditions of diplomacy, the Eastern policy is the work of obscurantists whose imaginations are held by the vast projects which the Military Party believe are capable of realization in China." Step by step the author traces the relationship between Japan and China, every move of the former being intended, he thinks, to secure unrestrained control over the vast dominions of the Chinese Empire or Republic. Act by act he records the struggles of the Chinese victim against its impending doom. China's declaration of war against Germany he does not attribute to any hostility against the European empire. In European affairs China has not the slightest interest. It was merely a move in her struggle against Japan, to secure a place at the Peace Congress to which she can then appeal for protection. Mr. Putnam Weale demands that at this

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Congress the whole of the past twenty-five years of Chino-Japanese history shall be nullified! Even the virtual annexation of Corea must be cancelled. "Precisely as Poland is to be given autonomy, so must Korea enjoy the same privileges, the whole Japanese theory of suzerainty on the Eastern Asiatic Continent being abandoned. To re-establish a proper balance of power in the Far East, the Korean nation must be reinstated in something resembling its old position."

If the author is prejudiced against Japan in her relations with China, the reference to the European Powers are very little more pleasing. Of the legations the author has a very poor opinion. They "are very imperfectly informed regarding Chinese affairs, although living in the midst of them . . . professional diplomacy errs so constantly because it has, in the main, neither the desire nor the training to study dispassionately from day to day all those complex phenomena which go to make up modern nationalism. Guided in its conduct almost entirely by a policy of personal predilections, which is fitfully enforced by the recollection of precedents, it is small wonder if such mountains of mistakes choke every Legation dossier." We may not all follow Mr. Weale in his extreme attack on the intelligence of the Peking Legations, but the record at Peking is one which might be improved.

The Loa-hsikai dispute, as related in this volume, excites Mr. Weale's feelings. This incident affords an opportunity for comparing Chinese with European civilisation. After referring to the intense indignation which this affair aroused throughout the Empire, and mentioning incidentally the number of European hostages who are scattered almost in units among the endless Chinese population, Mr. Weale points out that the Chinese, "instead of turning and rending the many little defenceless communities—as European mobs would certainly do—simply confine themselves to boycotting the offenders and hoping that this evidence of their displeasure will finally induce the world to believe that they are determined to get reasonable treatment."

Mr. Weale has had excellent facilities for his work, and has obviously had free access to State Papers, from which he quotes at length. The latest date he mentions is August, 1917. Much has happened in China's politics since then, and it is to be hoped that he has a second volume on similar lines well in hand.

THE ROAD TO ROME.

Fernando. By John Ayscough. John Long. 7s. net.

GILBERT'S famous axiom that we are all born Liberals or Conservatives is perhaps capable of further extension. It would certainly seem as if some persons came into the world with an ineradicable bias towards Protestantism, while others from their cradle were by temperament predestined Roman Catholics. In the latter class we must place the author of this appealing autobiography. There was nothing either in the ancestry or education of 'Fernando' otherwise 'John Ayscough,' otherwise Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew, to foreshadow the lines which his spiritual development was to follow. His father and both his grandfathers were clergymen of the Established Church. On the mother's side, moreover, he was descended from Irish Protestants, of all Protestants the least inclined to any compromise with Rome. His first school was not even specially "High Church"; his second "steeped in the Anglican, anti-Roman spirit." Yet from the age of five, when he was taken to see a ruined Abbey, he "began to have for monks that deep veneration and peculiar feeling of personal love that has lasted ever since." And English History, when a little later he began to study it from the pages of unsympathetic school manuals, was for him wholly the story of the ancient Church which he at first supposed to exist only as a memory. When he was twelve years old, being on a visit to relatives in Ireland, he made many clandestine excursions to what in that country are known as "chapels."

At this period, however, he did not contemplate secession, having shortly before been instructed in the Tractarian system, which he had embraced with great joy. From this position he was only moved about eight years later through chancing upon a defence of Anglican Orders which revealed the hitherto unsuspected fact that these Orders were not recognised by the papal hierarchy. There followed the doubt whether a valid Eucharist was possible in the English Church, and, finding himself unable to resolve it, he was "received" during his first term at Oxford. For him, the question of Eucharistic consecration was, we see, the great line of division. We doubt if it has always been so considered, at any rate from the Protestant side. Miss Pratt, in 'Scenes of Clerical Life' was, we think, correct in pitching upon "the denial of the great doctrine of justification by faith," as the touchstone recognised in Evangelical opinion.

To enter into the train of reasoning which thus powerfully influenced Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew is for some a blank impossibility. We can but gaze and wonder. Yet with our wonder there mingles a tinge of almost personal affection for the singularly attractive nature revealed on every page of this volume. There is not a trace of harshness or intolerance in the author's outlook. The Divine Grace may be, in his view, *guaranteed* to orthodox Catholics only; but uncovenanted mercies flow freely to all and their effect is clearly shown in the lives of many who are outside the pale. His feeling for books, which to him are manifestly as necessary as daily bread, has the same note of human tenderness. As a boy, he prayed for the soul of Hetty Sorrell, and envied Tom Tulliver his position of assistant nurse to Mr. Stelling's baby girl. (It is surely an anachronism to mention a perambulator in this connection.) He further arranged that Ralph Nickleby should reform and marry Miss La Creevy. The reviewer remembers contemplating an alliance between the same lady and Newman Noggs; but it must be admitted that Dickens did best for her when he made her Mrs. Linkinwater.

The opening chapters of the book, which deal with Fernando's family antecedents, are rather in the style of the historical novel; but the remainder may, we understand, be taken as a record of facts. We have been struck by the parallel drawn between the hero's first confession to an Anglican clergyman, lasting four hours, and his first confession to a Roman Catholic priest which was over in ten minutes. The contrast is, we are sure, typical of the two schools of thought; but we are far from being convinced that it is all to the advantage of Rome.

ROMANCE.

A General Sketch of European Literature in the Centuries of Romance. By Laurie Magnus. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.

ROMANCE derives its name from a language, its spirit draws its strength, almost its birth, from a race. It is the peculiar contribution which the Scandinavian peoples have brought to the making of Europe. The Northman, fighting, ravaging, and at



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last settling on every shore of Europe brought with him an ideal of personal heroism, courtesy to his foe, devotion to his leader, respect to his womenfolk, which grew into chivalry and made the seed-ground for romance. From the Baltic to the Bosphorus his long ships brought fighting men and rulers to the Latin lands, who married into their families, and created the Middle Age of literature and history; who were the makers and the hearers of Romance.

This is the Romantic period *par excellence*: it was neither the first nor the last. There are always two tendencies in literature, the vital one close to the heart of the race, and the formal one which strives to reduce the other to rules founded on alien experience. All that is vital in Greek literature is truly Romantic—even the driest bones of Aristotle are full of the fresh spirit of wonder and enquiry; it is only when we come to the death of Greece that its literature becomes formalised and pendant. In Latin we have the constant struggle between the romantic and the "classical." In Virgil the battle is drawn but romanticism has to abandon the field and the rest is for centuries a preserve for jig-saw puzzle grammarians, divorced from popular interest till the inroad of the barbarians made plain speaking a necessity, and the *lingua romana* once more a spoken language. But Romance was not yet.

At last Western Europe began to recover from its desolation, and to have leisure enough to think of something beyond its material needs. Then grew up a literature which expressed the real feelings of its makers—wonder tales, chivalrous deeds, noble self-devotion of great leaders and causes. The spirit of Romance spread wider and men banded themselves to search after knowledge, "for to admire and for to see," and the Europe of the Universities and the Cathedrals and the great stories stood revealed before the world. The spirit of Romance had come into her own again.

But not unchallenged. Every new discovery, every fragment of knowledge snatched from the dust of the past, or set firm on the foundation of the present, was seized by the formalist and tortured into conformity with rules whose chief merit was that they were difficult to understand and more difficult to apply. The battle between Romanticism and Classicism was universal; it was fought not only between school and school, but in the artistic conscience of each writer almost. The earlier ones salved their consciences by treating romantic matter in classical form, but when the Humanistic Movement was established, such compromises were impossible. A choice had to be made, and Petrarch and Boccaccio, writing the works by which they live for us to-day, would have said, "Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor." This battle, interior and exterior, was waged for centuries with varying fortunes. Always as wealth grew, and the rewards of merit were given by a smaller class, classicism triumphed, always the public at large supported romanticism.

A History of European Literature on broad lines such as these, is greatly to be desired, and we cannot say that Mr. Magnus has done much towards supplying that want. His idea, as stated in the quotation from Dowden which he puts at the head of his book, was an excellent one, but his performance falls lamentably short. We cannot, for the life of us, tell for whom the book is written. If, for example, it was to show a few experts the extent of Mr. Magnus's erudition, it is only too completely successful. If on the other hand it was to provide the young author of the present day, who has no time to waste on the past, with such an appropriate remark as "Richard Hooker (c. 1554-1600), the gentle clergyman with a logic and a style, who wrote the 'Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity,'" for use at dinner parties and literary teas, it is well also. But outside these relatively limited classes, for whom can it be intended? There is far too much detail for the ordinary reader and not enough for the student. On the other hand, besides all this detail, Mr. Magnus has generalised his impression

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At a meeting held at 10, Downing Street, on behalf of The Dowager Lady Dimsdale's scheme to provide a Memorial Hostel in London for Men and Boys of the Merchant Service, under the auspices of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, the First Lord pointed out that the continuance of the Society's work is one of the most urgent of Peace needs. No armistice will ever end that fight against wind and sea in which every Merchant Seaman is a combatant.

The world-wide provision made by the British and Foreign Sailors' Society for the comfort and welfare and recreation, for the spiritual, physical and intellectual needs of these gallant men must be not only continued but extended.

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of period after period and given us able and well-planned accounts of their literature which show that he has read all of importance that has been written about them, and not a few of the books themselves. If he would only eschew fine writing, a parade of erudition, and cumbersome detail, Mr. Magnus could someday give us a good book on some part of his present subject.

CRUSOE À TROIS.

David and Jonathan. By E. Temple Thurston. Hutchinson. 6s. 9d. net.

THE exploitation for sex problem purposes of Robinson Crusoe's Eveless and serpentless Eden is an enterprise which has commended itself to many novelists. But Mr. Thurston has had a comparatively original inspiration in combining the *motifs* of the desert island and the *ménage à trois*. This last phrase must not be taken as implying any outrage on those conventions of civilisation which are discussed on nearly every page of this volume. All the three persons concerned start free from matrimonial and other entanglements, and any suggestion of impropriety arises, not from their behaviour, but from the narrator's comments thereon. By falling in love with the woman the two men are obviously only fulfilling their duty to the reading public. But we doubt whether the great heart of the people will go out to that one of the two who, thinking himself the more favoured suitor, makes his escape when opportunity offers, alone, that his rival may have a fair chance. The local colour is dashed in with no very assured hand; and the meticulous details with which Charles Reade delighted to embellish his 'Foul Play' are, perhaps prudently, avoided. Like Mrs. Robinson of the Swiss family, the heroine exchanges her highly fashionable and artistic habiliments for the more appropriate, though ill-fitting, costume of a drowned sailor, a sensible proceeding which is made the text for some moralising on sex characteristics. In token, however, that her nature is still truly womanly, she secretly makes up her face with liquid rouge obtained from scarlet orchids—which seems a rather hazardous expedient. Without falling in love with the lady or admiring her admirers we find that their adventures make good reading.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'Highways and Byways in Northamptonshire and Rutland,' by H. A. Evans (Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net). Besides being an important manufacturing country and a great hunting centre, Northants contains a large number of fine churches and manor houses. Mr. Evans has already shown in his 'Oxford and the Cotswolds' how well he can deal with topographical details, and in this book he is as interesting and as accurate as ever. The ravages of restoration have been particularly marked in this part of England, and it was only owing to the indignant protests of William Morris and his friends that Peterborough has escaped so lightly. The reading of this volume, and the excellent drawings of Mr. Griggs, will be a pleasure to everyone who knows this historic county.

'Facts about France,' by E. Saillens (Fisher Unwin, 8s. 6d. net) is an alphabetically arranged account of a number of things which everyone who has to do with Frenchmen or women should know, ranging from statistics to rules of etiquette and the way to address letters. The author has been for three years an interpreter to our Expeditionary Force, and has compiled the book from an intimate knowledge of what the average Englishman wants to know about his country, and what he ought to know. We have much pleasure in commending it to our readers. It is illustrated and has a good index.

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Earl Wemyss, presiding on the 19th inst., at the meeting of the London-American Maritime Trading Co., Ltd., held at the Great Eastern Hotel, E.C., said that the Government had promised to release the ships as quickly as they could. They were relying upon that promise, and he was told that as an earnest of the Government *bona-fides* they had recently released oil tankers. That was something on account, but he could not help thinking it might be some time—though optimists held a different view—before the main body of shipping was released. All he could feel assured of was that if anything could be done to secure priority of release for this company's ships it would be done. But when the ships were released he did not for a moment suppose that they would have absolute freedom for freights and that they would not be in any way controlled. He did not know that it was even desirable they should be absolutely free, but what he was sure of was that no Government could be so blind to the interests of the country as to put British shipping into a worse position than that of neutral and other countries.

Referring to the directors' report, he expressed approval of the cancelling of the agreement with the Rio de Janeiro Light and Power Company for a time charter, which, he said, had been a disadvantageous one. Next, with regard to the debentures, they had placed with the trustee for the debenture holders a sufficient sum to pay off the balance of the debentures, which would accordingly be redeemed at the next drawing in April. As regarded the position of the reserves, it would be seen that the reserve of £20,000 had disappeared, having gone in part settlement of the arrangement with the Rio de Janeiro Light and Power Company. The reserve for contingencies was £64,083, which would meet any possible claim for excess profits duty. The special reserve remained at £89,037. It would be seen from the report that there was a trading profit of £41,875, as compared with £21,012. They were paying the preference dividend in full and 10 per cent. on the ordinary shares. He hoped the shareholders would consider this satisfactory under the circumstances. There had been a practically uniform reduction in the dividends paid by other shipping companies, and indeed it would have been strange if it were not so, considering that they had taxation increasing, upkeep of ships increasing, and almost every item of expense increasing, and finally the excess profits duty. They had purchased the Thompson Steam Shipping Company on the same terms as they purchased the Leander Company, which had been of such inestimable benefit to the shareholders, and he wished to point out the position they would have been in if they had not done so. They started their career four years ago with ten ships; they had had twelve sunk, and had at present ten ships; they had paid off their debentures and preliminary expenses, and distributed about 69 per cent. to the shareholders.

For the Coming of Peace,

for the lifting of the burden, for the breaking of the clouds, for the bright

outlook, let us give thanks, and as we give thanks let us remember that

There is no Peace

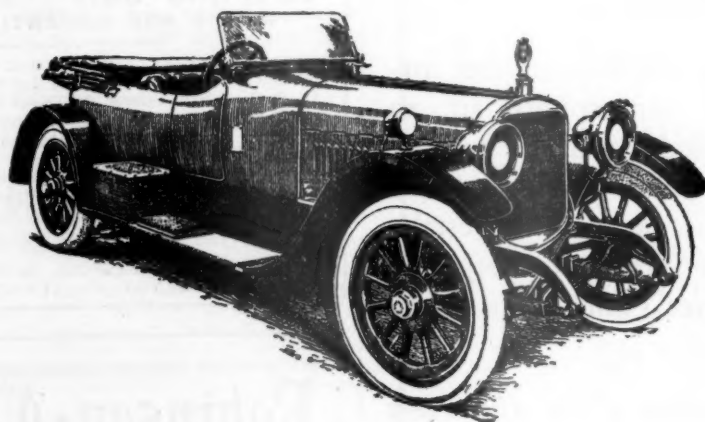
for blind men and women who are poor as well as blind. We plead for them in their great need. Let them share in the blessings we now enjoy. They are anxious about the future. Remove that anxiety. Help them to become independent wage earners in spite of the handicap of their great affliction. The blind resent pity. They do not ask for charity. They ask for work, and they can work if, and when, they are properly trained. Will you help us (1) to give

that training, which costs money, and (2) to secure a market for the goods they make, as they work in the darkness of perpetual night? All their manufactures are well-made and finished, and of lasting quality and value. We can confidently guarantee that all customers who place their orders with us for mattresses, brushes, baskets, chairs, brooms, mats, hampers, feather dusters, &c., &c., will be perfectly satisfied with what they buy.

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THE CITY.

Unification of the war debt is being discussed in some quarters as if it were one of the vital problems of Peace finance. But it is futile to discuss the subject while war borrowing is still going on. When war expenditure has ceased, when the immediate essential demands for capital to assist the revival of industry and commerce have been satisfied, when the money markets of the world are operating normally and artificial expedients have been abandoned in the international exchanges, then the Chancellor of the Exchequer may begin to consider unification of the National Debt. Meanwhile he has more pressing affairs to unravel.

A more important problem of the early future is the external, rather than the internal, indebtedness of Great Britain. Very large sums have been borrowed from the United States; and the details of these loans are complicated by their variety. A large volume of credit has crossed the Atlantic since the "mobilisation" of American and other securities for exchange purposes; yet one hears now a demand that those securities should be promptly "demobilised." It would be well if the public were informed as to the actual situation in regard to these securities—whether any of them have been sold outright, and, if so, which; whether all of those taken by the Government have been hypothecated, and whether arrangements have since been made for their release.

Probably the Chancellor's greatest problem of immediate importance will be to adjust taxation so as to meet revenue requirements and at the same time avoid placing a severe handicap upon industry. There is no doubt that the eighty per cent. excess profits duty is stifling enterprise and production. No business man can conscientiously risk his own or other people's money with the knowledge that nearly nine-tenths of any extra profit that he may make is due to the State. On the other hand, the interest on War Loans, War Bonds, Treasury bills, Ways and Means Advances and "other" debt cannot be less than £200,000,000 annually. Mr. Bonar Law was right when he said that the finance of peace would be more difficult than the finance of war.

The decision of the directors of Samuel Allsopp and Sons not to pay more than $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the preference stock for the year to September 30th last seems to indicate that they are not altogether confident of the maintenance of the present level of profits during the next few years. The accounts presented show that they could easily have paid 5 per cent. on the preference stock, but apparently they have hesitated because the preference dividend becomes cumulative after 5 per cent. has been paid for two consecutive years. If they paid 5 per cent. now they would feel obliged to repeat the performance next year if possible, and then they would be committed to the cumulative liability to preference stockholders in the future. They prefer, however, to strengthen the reserves before assuming that responsibility.

Mr. George Croll's survey of the rubber position at the meeting of the Rubber Plantations Investment Trust, confirmed the statement made in this column some weeks ago that the immediate outlook for rubber shareholders is not altogether favourable. As far as the Rubber Trust is concerned, nine months of the current final year have already elapsed and it is clear that the profits will be less than those of the preceding year. But it looks as if the Rubber industry has reached low tide and a recovery may now be expected. Mr. Croll does not believe that there has been a great "war" consumption of rubber. He estimates the 1919 production at 314,000 tons, as compared with 218,000 tons for 1918, and provided that normal conditions of shipping and trade are quickly established he sees no reason why the large increase in production should not be easily absorbed. The ultimate prospects for Rubber Companies are fairly favourable, but there is no basis at present for a boom in Rubber shares.

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THE ADJOURNED THIRD ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of this company, was held yesterday in London, Mr. Samuel Smith presiding.

The Chairman, after dealing with the accounts for 1917 and 1918, said there was no reason why the company, which had filled its part in the helping on to victory, should not gain its fair share of the fruits of that victory. During the war they had built and installed factories and shops which had produced the following munitions: Fuses, including friction tubes, approximately 8,000,000; instruments for aeroplanes, approximately 60,000; besides a vast number of the company's standard speedometers and carburettors, together with gun mechanism and other sundries. Since the outbreak of war the number of employees had increased from 280 to considerably over 2,000, and they had succeeded in still further perfecting their pre-war products and inventing and introducing new productions connected with the motor industry, which they were now about to place on the market. The company's manufactures were protected by patents, some of which were undoubtedly of great value, although they stood at a small figure in the balance-sheet. Their speedometers had been largely improved since the war, and they intended to produce them in large numbers. Their motor watch was an entirely new production, and was also protected by patents. It was the first British motor clock manufactured in this country, and marked a new era in the motor accessories industry. Their carburettor was an improvement of their four-jet model, and had already been fitted by several British manufacturers, besides one noted French maker. The company was doing remarkably well in this department, and the scope for expansion was almost unlimited. They were also producing a singlet-jet for those cars unsuitable for the other type. Perhaps the future would show that their combined lighting and starting sets were to prove their biggest item. They were now putting on the market a combined set which, he confidently believed, would not be excelled by any other make. To show the value of the company's comprehensive business, he drew attention to the dashboard in the room, in which was fitted pressure indicator, watch, switch, speedometer, and lighting switches. He believed they were the only company in this country which manufactured all these accessories. The company might claim that it had supplied more instruments for aeroplanes during the war than any other maker in the world. These instruments and others peculiar to aviation would form, he believed, a considerable part of the company's business in the future.

The accounts were unanimously adopted, and a final dividend was declared, making, with the interim dividend already paid, 10 per cent. for the year, free of income tax.

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BOOKS.

BOOKS RARE AND OUT OF PRINT.—Debre's *Pavage*, 2 vols., new 1916, 9/-; Andrews' *Adolescent Education*, 2/-, published 5/-; George Baxter, *The Picture Printer*, on the 16th Century, 1911, scarce, £2.2; Aubrey Beardsley, by Arthur Symonds, large paper copy, 1905, £2.2; Stephen Phillips, *The New Inferno*, with designs by Vernon Hill, large paper copy, 21/-; Whistler and others, by F. Wedmore, 1906, 6/-; William Morris's *Collected Works*, 24 vols., £11.8; Gotch's *English Homes*, 30/-; Omar Khayyam, large paper copy, Villon Society, 1898, £4.4; *Memoirs of Harriette Wilson*, coloured plates 2 vols., 21/-; Frank Harris, *Life and Confessions of Oscar Wilde*, 2 vols., £5.5. Send also for Catalogue, 100,000 bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. EDWARD BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

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